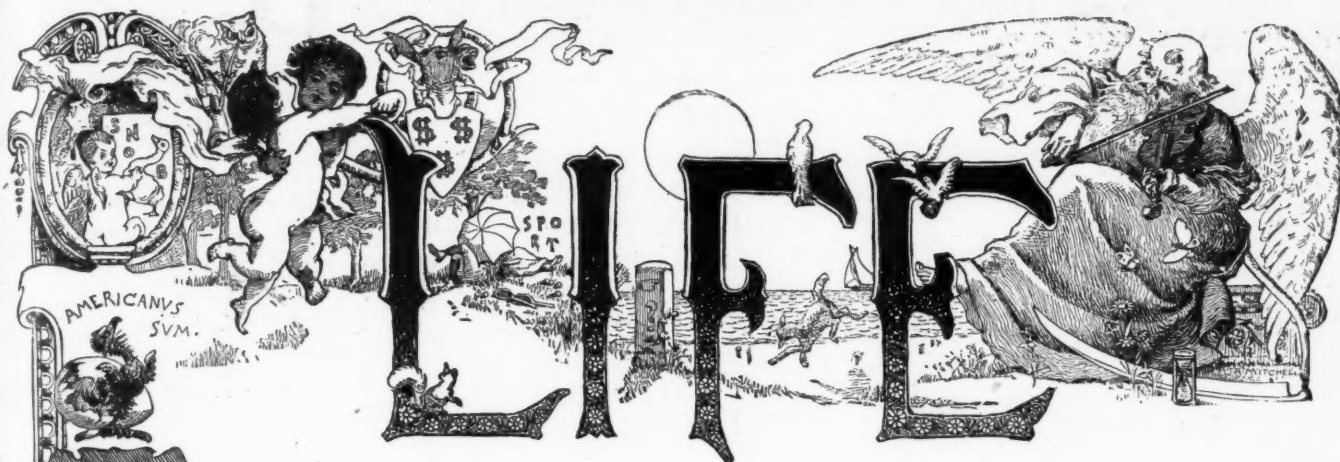


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AN OBSERVER.

She: IF YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THE BIBLE, TELL ME WHAT THE FOOLISH VIRGINS SAID WHEN THE APPROACH OF THE BRIDEGROOM WAS ANNOUNCED.
"THEY ASKED IF THEIR HATS WERE ON STRAIGHT."

1896.

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NY,

Stern Bros

are now showing large collections
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Lace Articles

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Holiday Gifts

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SANCTUM
TALKS.

"WHY, how are
you, Doctor?"

"Good day, LIFE.

That Thanksgiving sermon of mine—"

"Ah, yes. Seems to have raised a hornet's nest.
But you don't care, do you?"

"N-no. Why should I? I'm honest, and I'm here
to—"

"Exactly, Doctor. You're here to make trouble, but
you don't know it. Have you ever heard, Doctor, that
there is a certain place paved with good intentions?
Also that the same place 'hath no fury like a woman
scorned'?"

"You're speaking of hell, aren't you?"

"Well, yes."

"Then why not say so? Why not call a spade by a
worse name if possible? That's *my* way."

"I know it; but that's the difference between you and
me, Doctor. I move in refined society, and have to be
particular."

"And I—"

"Well, you talk shop to others."

"Then you don't like me?"

"You mean well, Doctor, but if it
were not for that superfluous accomplishment do you
know what you would be? More or less of a—"

"What?"

"Humbug. Ta-ta, Doctor."

"Good day, sir!"

MEDICAL ITEM.

UNDER the tutorship of Coach Lehmann, the Har-
vard crew is slowly recovering from its paralytic
stroke.

WHEN a woman is deceived some man is avenged.

"WHY is it that so many novelists have been
newspaper men?"

"The first thing that every reporter learns is to write
fiction."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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AMBASSADOR BAYARD has declined to receive the Christmas present for the purchase of which the London *Telegraph* was receiving subscriptions. He wrote affectionately to the *Telegraph* expressing his gratification at the response its proposal had received, but saying that it wouldn't quite do for the American Ambassador to receive such a gift. Inasmuch as his habitual critics in this country had begun to howl, it is a relief to have this new occasion for their maledictions dismissed. They rail at the amiable Ambassador as though it were a national misfortune for Uncle Sam to have a representative in London whom the British like. It seems to LIFE that they rail on slight grounds, and that this is in reality a cause for congratulation. Mr. Bayard in London has been the right man in the right place, and Uncle Sam, as well as Mr. Bull, has the best of reasons to be pleased with him.



MISSTATEMENTS have been made in some American newspapers — in the New York *Herald*, for one — about the conditions under which Mr. R. C. Lehmann came to this country from England to coach the Harvard crew. It has been reported that Mr. Lehmann, who is an Oxford graduate, had supported himself for some years by training college crews, and the impression was given that the incident of compensation entered in some form into his connection with Harvard boating. The truth is that when he was invited by Mr. Watson, and later by Mr. Peabody, to come and coach the Harvard oarsmen,

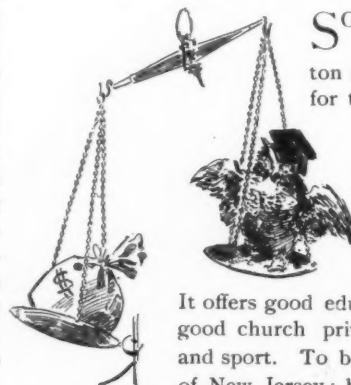
he was told that the Harvard men would be glad to pay his expenses and entertain him as their guest while he was here. He said he would come, but that it must be not only without pay, but entirely at his own costs; explaining that if he received compensation in

any form, for expenses or anything else, he would cease to be an amateur, and would be properly debarred from engaging hereafter in amateur sports.



timely and useful. Our amateurs, even our college men, are slow to appreciate the vital necessity of keeping sport and money-earning absolutely separate. There is a fight going on all the time against the disposition of managers of college sports to win players to their teams by assurance of some kind of indirect compensation, and it is time that the growth of this spirit should be stopped. LIFE is informed, too, that the referees and umpires of the college football games are paid round sums for their services. This is clearly contrary to the British understanding of an amateur's obligations as Mr. Lehmann illustrates it, and should be quite as contrary to ours.

What is done in the way of amateur sport should be done for sport's sake, and for nothing else. Men who cannot afford to cultivate amateur sport on those terms should keep out of it. There is no middle course that is creditable.



SO Mr. Cleveland is to have a house in Princeton and become a "rooter" for the orange and black!

Princeton is a town of merit. It is beautiful, salubrious, and a good place to keep household effects. One can raise a family there with comfort.

It offers good educational opportunities, good church privileges, learned society, and sport. To be sure, it is in the State of New Jersey; but, after all, there is no

State to which a New York man can move with less of a jolt than to Jersey. Mr. Cleveland will do Princeton good, and, spending his summers in Massachusetts and his winters in New York and Florida, will doubtless prosper and be happy.



He (with suspicious tremulousness): THEY SAY THAT MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN.
She (encouragingly): YES, BUT THE ENGAGEMENTS ARE CONTRACTED ON EARTH.

A DEFECTIVE GRACE.

JACKEY: But, mamma, it's not about what I'm going to receive that it's so hard to be contented.

MRS. EARLE: What is it then, Jackey?

"It's about what I'm not going to receive."

THE millenium will be a time of universal peace, but it does not follow that all mankind will be professional pugilists.

EVERY man thinks he understands women perfectly, until he falls in love with one.

AN EXPRESSED HOPE.

ORIGINALLY Mr. Pulitzer's business was profitable, which explains his former interest in it; but it seems improbable that at present either he or Mr. Hearst is making money. What seems more likely is that Mr. Hearst keeps on because he has money to burn and likes to singe Mr. Pulitzer's wings with it, while Mr. Pulitzer doubtless keeps on because he dares not let go.

LIFE earnestly hopes that the result may be that Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst may convince one another after a while that there is neither pleasure nor profit in sowing sensations and tattle broadcast, and that both may presently turn their surplus funds and energies to some better account.



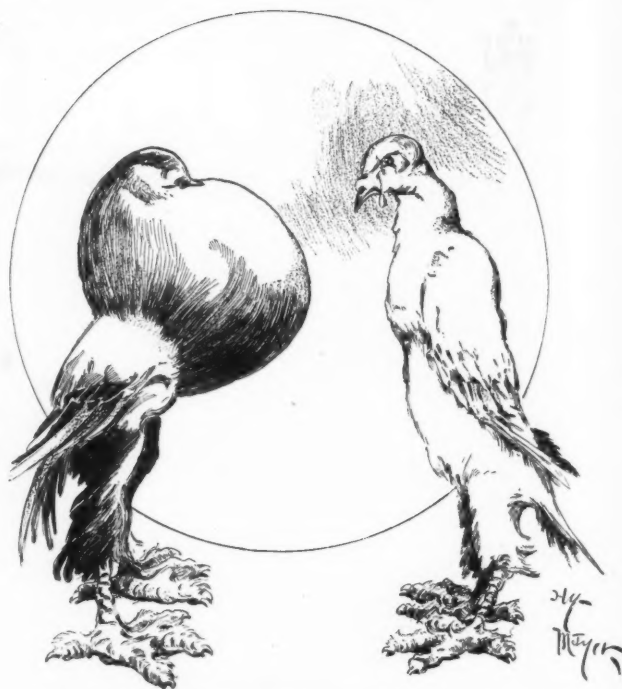
A BEAR CHANCE.

BOOKISHNESS

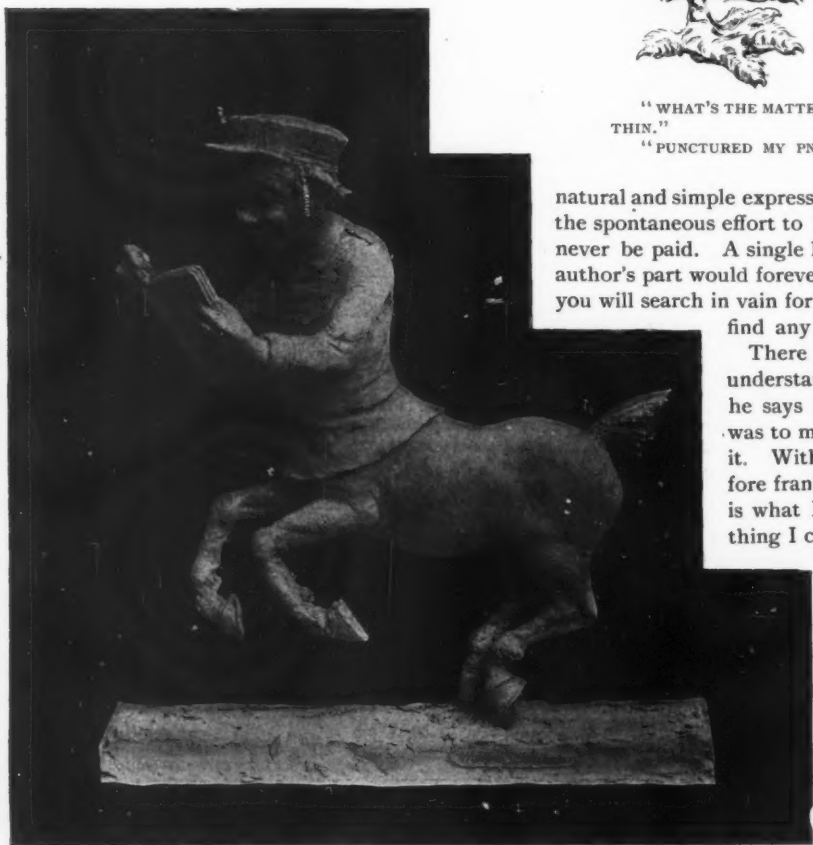
"MARGARET OGILVY."

IT would be difficult to pick out a book with more in it of what the Christmas spirit ought to be than "Margaret Ogilvy," by her son, J. M. Barrie (Scribners). It is a pathetic little book, because it ends with death, as all real biographies must, but it is full of the sunlight of a cheerful home where poverty and sickness never quenched the joyful spirit, the ready wit, the alert mind of the ever active mother who was the inspiration of the household.

Many an ardent admirer of Barrie will take up this book with the apprehensive feeling that a man's own mother is not a subject for literature. But he will finish the book with the assured conviction that Barrie has fully justified it. Being what she was to him—an inspiration and an essential part of everything that he wrote—this book must have been written. It is the



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, ALPHONSE? YOU'RE GETTING AWFULLY THIN."
"PUNCTURED MY PNEUMATIC."



ANOTHER USE FOR THE CENTAUR

natural and simple expression of a sympathetic, artistic soul—the spontaneous effort to lessen a debt of gratitude that can never be paid. A single line of self-conscious posing on the author's part would forever ruin such a book as this. But you will search in vain for that line—as you will also fail to find any mock humility or "vain regrets."

There was always perfect sympathy and understanding between mother and son, and he says so; his ambition from boyhood was to make life easier for her, and he did it. Without pose or reservation he therefore frankly says: "That is my reward, that is what I have got for my books. Everything I could do for her in this life I have done since I was a boy; I look back through the years and I cannot see the smallest thing left undone."

There is something more than the artistic spirit in that kind of honesty; it takes a brave man to write it. There is no pride in the statement, no egotism; there is only one inference from it—no other course of action was possible with such a mother.

WHY IS IT THAT MR. LEVI IS NEVER



THUS

OR



THUS?

AND THAT MR. CASEY NEVER DOES



THIS

OR



THIS?

And that is the highest tribute he can pay her memory.

THE book is not written in heroics. Humor and wit were the constant guests in Margaret Ogilvy's cottage, with that fine acid touch of sarcasm in talk that tries all sentiment and discovers the false and tawdry.

The humor of those chapters in which Barrie describes his early efforts to catch a London editor with Auld

Licht sketches, and his mother's part in what she considered the fooling of him, is better and finer than anything in the avowed fiction by the same author.

Margaret's scheme to propitiate the editor with "a lippie of short-bread;" her fear that London folks would find them out; and her belief that she could manage the editor if she only called upon him wearing her silk and Sabbath bonnet—these are characteristic touches of the gentle humor of it all.

For simple pathos and beauty of style, without a hint of effort at display, there is nothing in recent literature to match the closing chapters of this book. The only way to justify a superlative statement of this kind is to read the book. In it young and old, man and woman, meet on the common ground of the domestic hearth—and the best of it is that the story is true.

Droch.

THE rumor is rife that Miss Frances Willard has obtained from Major McKinley a promise that he will serve no intoxicating beverages to his guests while he lives in the White House. LIFE hopes it isn't true. Wine is inexpedient for some people; but while the President is fully entitled to determine for himself whether he will drink it or not, it is hardly fair for him to deprive his guests at State dinners of the same privilege. Let the Major follow polite usage in this matter, and if his guests practice abstinence let it be voluntary.

CAUTIOUS.

CLARA: He says you have been twice as nice as you usually are.

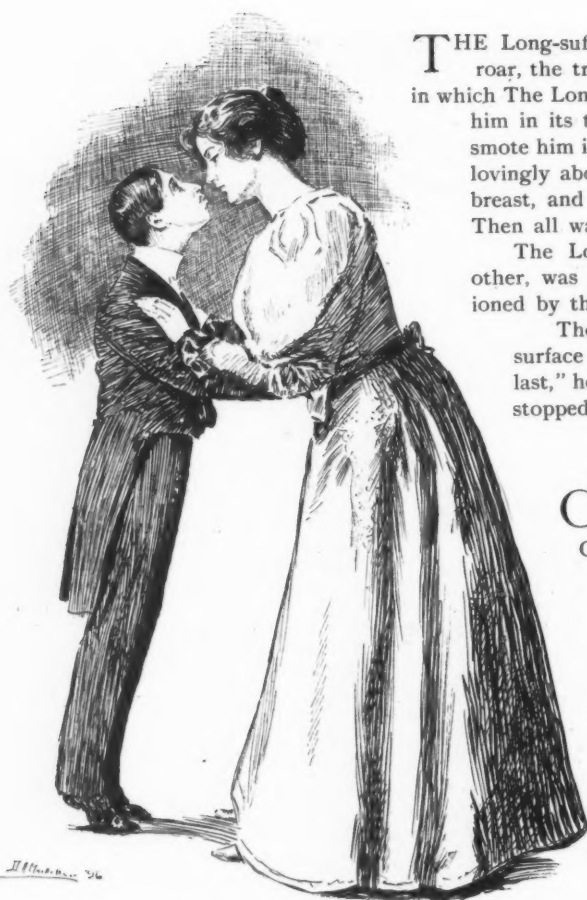
MAUDE: Yes. I was afraid he would try to break off the engagement before Christmas.

THE ALARM IN BOSTON.

THE Nude is abhorrent to Boston; even the naked eye is draped in glasses there. Boston is seething; it is on the untrimmed edges of a revolution; the bones in the Granary yard rattle in the night; shadowy spectres gnash their diaphanous teeth on Brimstone corner; the cops on the Common wear a look of anguish; horror and indignation stalk the streets; Barrett Wendell writes writhingly in the *Transcript*; football is losing its savor; the tail of the State House codfish droops; sardonic smiles wreath the Cass statue, and scholarly motormen weep as they dash athwart the Public Library. The so-called Art Committee of Boston has dared to affront the morals of all Nova Scotia, and part of Boston, by placing in the back yard of the library a naked copper woman, a naked copper boy, and a bunch of copper grapes in their bare skins. They hid this Bacchante in the back yard; but Boston is not to be tampered with, and will find out a naked exhibition, no matter how cunningly hidden. It is no palliation of this crime to allege that the Pilgrim Fathers found lots of copper young persons when they landed at Plymouth, for they had on tidies, at least, and were not addicted to the dull-red grape habit.

But recently the vigilant Common Council of Boston laid its heavy hand on the naked boys on the library building, and caused them to be decently garbed in all-wool \$2.50 suits; and Puvis de Chavennes was thwarted in his insidious attempt to debauch Boston by an oil-painted, bare youth, and was forced by the moral sentiment of the people to adorn him with a bath towel, of the moral Bok pattern.

Boston is aroused, and more of her indignant inhabitants have



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

viewed this shameless thing than patronized the Living Pictures, for the outrage is free, and well advertised in the churches. Crowds gaze on the copper nymph, speechless with horror, and have to be led away from the awful sight by relays of weeping policemen.

The passionate parson calls treason from his pulpit; the Y. W. C. U. quivers with indignation; and Brother Brady, just arrived from Ulster, calls in no uncertain megaphone for the Governor's glittering colonels to unsheathe their stainless blades and drive Bacchante, boy and grapes, to Moon Island. Public indignation is spreading; excursions at reduced rates from the rural districts are invading Boston to see this wanton before it is clothed; and conscientious Sunday School superintendents rush to town to see it, that they may join the chorus of denunciation. The excitement grows apace; the militia are under arms; a supplementary Thanksgiving proclamation has been issued by the Governor, warning McKim and Macmonnies off the sacred soil of Boston; and unless the copper thing of shame consults a modiste or gets a coat of paint, blood will flow in the subway, the guillotine be set up on the Common, and Lynch law be administered at the People's Church.

The offer of Harvard College to contribute a soiled and discarded pair of football bloomers for the Bacchante may calm the excited populace; but something must be done soon, if the Puritan Commonwealth is to endure.

Joseph Smith.

AT LAST.

THE Long-suffering Man was trying to read, when, with a crash and a roar, the train left the track. Down, down, down it went. The seat in which The Long-suffering Man sat, shut up like a jack-knife and caught him in its tenacious embrace; a seat across the aisle rose up and smote him in the side. The steam-pipes hissed, and coiled themselves lovingly about his knees. Two valises flung themselves upon his breast, and the water-cooler slid up and jabbed him in the back. Then all was silent.

The Long-suffering Man tried to move. One foot, then the other, was found firmly imbedded in the débris; his arms were pinioned by the wreckage. It was dark, and warm, and still.

The Long-suffering Man nestled his cheek down on the cool surface of a plate-glass mirror and heaved a sigh of relief. "At last," he murmured, "at last those two cranks behind me have stopped talking golf." And a blessed silence reigned.

M. J.

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

CUMSO: Do you think that the Indians are really capable of civilization?

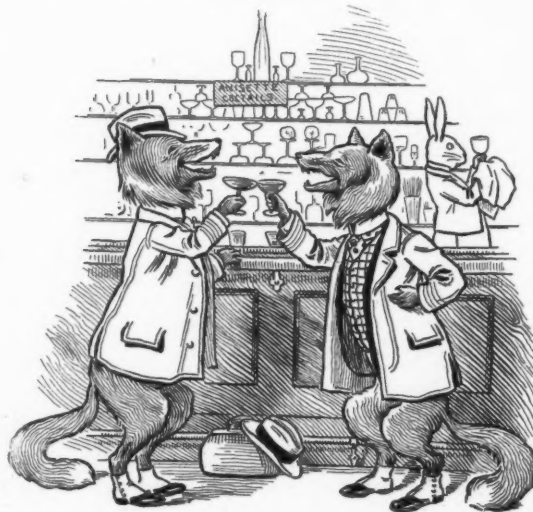
CAWKER: How can you doubt it, when you consider what a stiff game of football they can put up?

A DEFINITION OF CHRISTMAS.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: Johnny, what does Christmas mean?

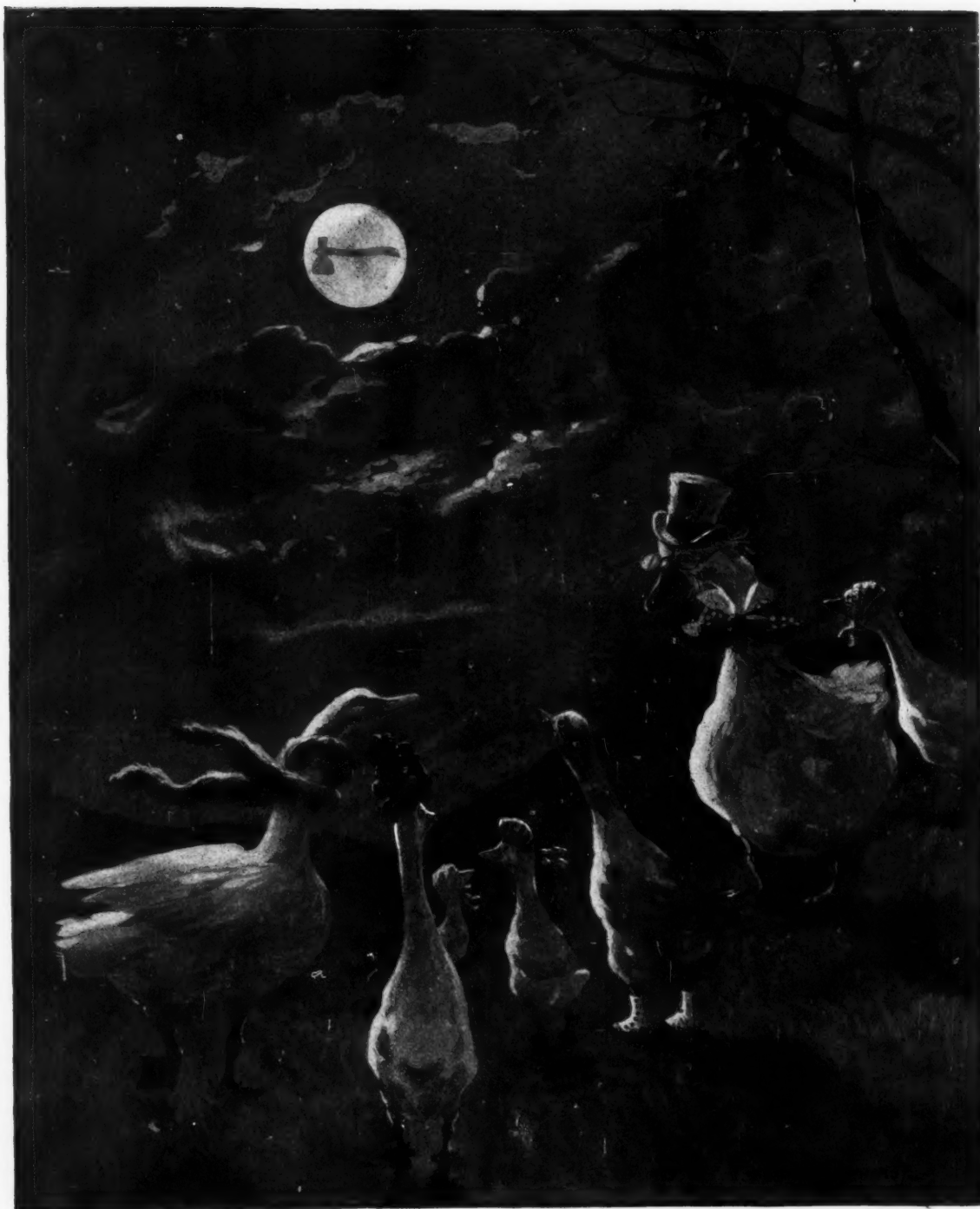
JOHNNY: My pa says Christmas means swapping a lot o' things you can't afford, for a lot o' things you don't want.

IT is rumored that the rolling stock of the New York Central system is to be newly equipped with breaks recently made by Chauncey Depew.



THE END OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

* "HERE'S TO THE FRAGRANT ANISE-SEED BAG: MAY ITS SHADOW NEVER GROW LESS."



Mr. G.: I HAVE TAKEN OBSERVATIONS FOR THREE NIGHTS AND FIND THE SAME REMARKABLE PHENOMENON. IT MUST PORTEND GREAT DESTRUCTION.

• LIFE



IN THE GARDEN OF

LIFE •



GARDEN OF YOUTH.



THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.

A NEW name has been added to the list of stage rogues whom one knows to be rogues, and yet loves in spite of their roguery. Mr. E. S. Willard's *Bailey Prothero* is as arrant a knave as ever walked the streets of London, and yet, as Mr. Willard pictures him, we feel sorry when his final collapse occurs and we know that the cherub who watched over him has come off his perch.

"The Rogue's Comedy" is one of the best plays London has sent to us for a long time. Its plot is not a remarkably strong one, but it depicts well an unhackneyed phase of life and one which, as Mr. Jones has treated it, lends itself well to dramatic effect. It also absolves Mr. Jones from any sin he may have committed in lean-

ing towards the Green Carnation school of drama. He is too virile a dramatist for that sort of thing, and in this piece of Mr. Willard's he gets back into his true form. In the final climax he has evidently stifled his melodramatic instincts, but even the spectator, who by right of precedent might have expected the last act to end up with a suicide, or a thrilling escape of *Prothero* by a window with the police close at his heels, will upon consideration admit to himself that it is a finer ending, from the artistic view point, to have him drive off quietly in a cab with his wife to catch the steamer for America.

Bailey Prothero is a professional rogue who wins his way into fashionable connections by virtue of a few lucky hits in his character as a clairvoyant. Mr. Willard gives to the character the oily assurance, the exaggerated manners and the underlying coarseness which go with the charlatan who has won his way to temporary success. He also adds something without which the character would have been only commonplace and vulgar, and lacking which it could never gain the sympathy, almost the liking, of his audience. To the loyal affection for his wife, provided by the dramatist, the actor brings his own methods of expression, and these win for him with his auditors every time and without fail. The frank and amused recognition of his own rascality is also portrayed in such fashion that his audience sympathizes with the rogue rather than with his dupes.

The company is excellently trained and thoroughly competent. Miss Olga Brandon permits the character of *Prothero's* wife to be thoroughly merged in his stronger personality, and therefore does nothing to mar the picture. From the other members of the cast no great things are required, but they speak their lines intelligently, and are stage-managed into a most agreeable *ensemble*. A clever bit is the work of Mr. Bromley Davenport as *Sir Thomas Dovergreen*, a young man whose attack of intoxication is most natural and amusing without being disgusting.

It is not overwhelming praise to say that "The Rogue's Comedy," with Mr. Willard as *Prothero*, is about the best thing New York has seen this season.

IT seemed good to have the name of "Wallack's" restored to the theatre, and makes one wonder why Mr. Palmèr ever had the bad taste to change it.

MISS ADA REHAN'S *Lady Gay Spanker* is not the best interpretation of the character ever seen. Her mannerisms are conspicuously present, and she seems to lack the peculiar kind of whole-souled vivacity which goes with the part.

And what a strong vitality "London Assurance" possesses! Among the earliest of Dion Boucicault's plays, and saddled down with long speeches that would blast the work of any contemporary dramatist, it comes back to the stage after each absence always grateful and always refreshing.

THE best part of Mr. Crane's work in Miss Martha Morton's "A Fool of Fortune" is his depiction of *Elisha Cunningham*, the Wall street operator, in the days after he has "gone broke." The old mania for the ticker is there, but sustained only by frequent reference to the whiskey-bottle. The combination of the old self-importance dating back to more powerful days, and the present weakness and incapacity increasing to the point of death, is a more delicate task than either Mr. Crane or his writers usually allot to him, but he succeeds in making it both amusing and impressive. He even succeeds in submerging his marked personality somewhat—an infrequent accomplishment for Mr. Crane.

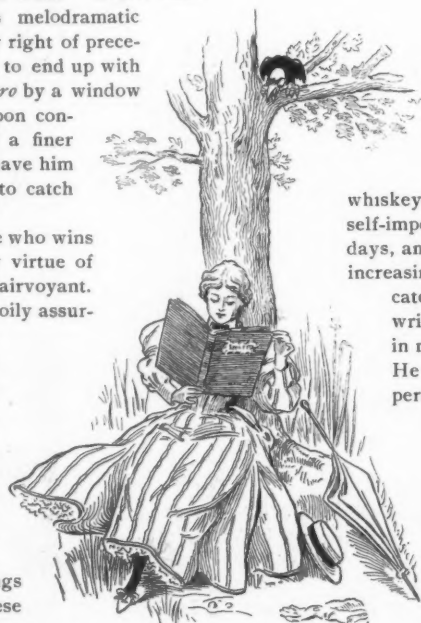
Metcalfe.

LADY: But it seems to me you ask very high wages, when you acknowledge that you haven't had much experience.

BRIDGET: Shure, marm, ain't it harder for me when I don't know how?

HE: Dear me, my watch has run down.

SHE: There's a calendar in the other room.



A HA-HA BOOK.

THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL DOWN IN FLA.
WHO READ AS THE SUN GREW TA.
IN A BOOK; AND SHE SMILED:
"WITH DEEP JOY I AM WILD:
WHY, THIS GROWS HA, AND HA!"



DIVORCE.
AS OBTAINED IN THE TROPICS.

THE PRIMA DONNA'S
RIVAL.

"DO you see the great prima donna?"

"I see a woman. Is she a great prima donna?"

"She is."

"But this woman is not singing."

"No; she is doing what prime donne do when they are not singing."

"What is that?"

"They sulk."

"Then the great prima donna is sulking now?"

"She is, and she is sulking for all she is worth."

"I suppose she is sulking because her salary is slow in coming."

"Your supposition is wrong."

"Perhaps some other prima donna's name has been printed in larger letters on the posters, or has been more highly spoken of by the critics."

"Once again you are wrong."

"Do you know why the great prima donna is sulking?"

"I do."

"Please tell me."

"It is because she is no longer asked to write testimonials about soap, pianos, and malt extracts."

"Has some one else supplanted her in those useful occupations?"

"Yes."

"Who is the fortunate person?"

"Mark Hanna."

NO FOOL OF A DOG.



A SOLACE FOR THE UNKNOWN.

LITERATURE may roughly be divided into two parts: that which pays before death, and that which pays after death.

At the first blush the former may seem the more intrinsically desirable, for what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world afterwards, and lose his credit during life? There is, however, about the latter method a compensation not to be sneezed at. For it is not necessary to be great; it is only necessary to believe you are so, and all the whips and scorns of an unappreciative audience will be healed by the balm of this sweet solace. To know that the MSS. which you have just been told is lacking in merit, or unavailable for ten thousand other reasons, is nothing to you as you smile and think cheerily that one hundred years from now it will be posing on the shelves of some future bibliomaniac as one of his priceless treasures. And why should there be any doubt of this? We are asked to base our whole hopes of happiness on other beliefs not one whit more probable. And so, budding authors, when you scribble your unknown thoughts on the backs of unreceipted bills, do so in the sweet consciousness that there is a great time coming;

And when with wings you pause
To hear faint sounds from earth,
You'll know 'tis the applause
At thoughts you've given birth.



THE GREAT SUNDAY PAPER.

THE Great Sunday Paper is an institution that has come to stay. How happy homes got along without it until now it is hard to say.

Suffice it that its circulation and size have grown until one wonders when it will be that both shall reach the end of their respective tethers. The one by reason of the fact that there will soon be a time when every breathing human buys it, and it can gain no more for the simple reason that everybody on earth secures a copy. The other reason arises from the fact that there is not, or will not be, enough paper made to supply the demand should The Great Sunday Paper

decide to increase the size of its issue from two thousand to three thousand pages. Not to count the over-supply of material for the making of paper boxes, if it be true, as some assert, that paper boxes are mostly made from the ground over unsold Great Sunday Papers with fake circulations.

But we could not do without The Great Sunday Paper. The pleasing chromatically colored supplement, in the hues of the Mandril monkey, gladdens the artistic eye; and the chaste, gentle, refined humor of that particular portion, both in literary and illustrative form, appeals to the most cultured home circle.

In the other portions of The Great Sunday Paper pleasing descriptive, illustrated articles on freaks, fat boys, and contagious diseases of all kinds, arouse all that is best and noblest in our natures. These are given variety in turn by "young lady reporters," with accounts of nights spent in sewers, dissecting-rooms, and other pleasant places, that hold the reader's interest by their accuracy of detail in every sickening circumstance. These are spiced and served up with descriptive headlines, such as "How It Feels to Be a Floater! One of the World's Young Women Reporters Lays Four Days in the Morgue Awaiting Identification." Pleasing pictures accompany this.

Signed articles by persons who, if they have not achieved fame, have gained



ACQUIESCENCE.

THE pictures of the Might-have-been
Before our mental visions dance;
How, while we supped at Idle Inn,
Before the gate passed Fleeting
Chance;
How while we loitered by the stream
And listened to the zephyrs sigh,
Along the highway on to Fame
Great Opportunity sped by;
How, though 't were morning bright and
clear,
We yielded unto sleep once more,
And consequently failed to hear
Good Fortune knocking at our door.
And yet, the while we've had our ease,
Calm joys without Ambition's stress—
Ah! it is better to know these
Than wield the Sceptre of Success.

Wood Levette Wilson.



"MACHINE IS ALL RIGHT, MISS MARY."

notoriety, add timely touch and up-to-dateness. "How I Became a Morphine Fiend," by Fannie Dashington, the Burlesque Queen, and "The Secrets of the Sawdust Game, and Bunco Steering in all its Branches," by Appetite Ike, the celebrated dispenser of gold bricks, are perused eagerly by all. To add to this, The Great Sunday Paper, always on the lookout for diversity, is anxious to give instruction in all interesting branches of popular sciences—thus not only teaching the young idea how to shoot, but to stab, garrote and sandbag as well.

AN article on "How Knockout Drops are Made and Used" will be followed by "New Ways of Flim-Flamming," and then, next in order, "The Art of Safe Cracking," with directions and diagrams so explicit that the veriest novice could not help but grasp the subject first and the securities afterwards. These timely tips for the criminal classes have not



THE YOUNG CHAP WHO LOST HIS GIRL ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A CARELESS SPEECH IN WHICH HE SAID HE PREFERRED LAMB TO MUTTON.

been unappreciated, either. For instance, an article on "Toxicology; or, How to Make Poisons at Home," created quite a furor at the time of publication among persons unhappily married, and others with aged but hale and hearty wealthy relatives, as the formula of many "insidious deadly drugs, that leave no trace," were published in full.

"Murder as a Fine Art," "Great Criminals and Their Methods," and other similar interesting topics, are treated week by week in the same complete and interesting manner.

IT is no wonder, then, that we can afford to laugh to scorn the discordant croakings of those who claim The Great Sunday Paper is the instigator of crime, a panderer to the depraved and vicious, and a hand-book of horror and evil doing.

According to the test by which we determine and the

standard that we have set—success from a money-making point of view—The Great Sunday Paper is a survival of the fittest, an epitome of modern advancement and higher culture for the lower classes, and long may it prosper!

If we have insane asylums, jails, reformatories and penitentiaries, they should be filled, or the puerile philanthropy of criminal molly-coddling and slop-shop reformation would become a lost art. Therefore the part played in this, if nothing else—if it so be we are unappreciative of the delicate humor of the comic section, or the deeds of daring done at space rates by the young lady reporters—should at least be remembered to the credit of The Great Sunday Paper!

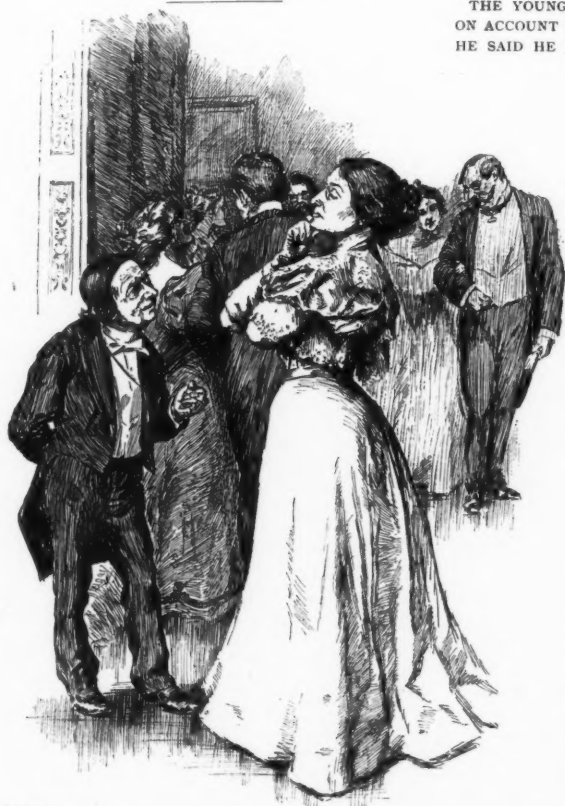
THE only thing more entertaining than anticipation of the unexpected is expectation of the impossible.

THOSE MEDICAL LECTURES.

DR. ALBERT LEFFINGWELL made the following statement in reference to the so-called "infamous experiment" of Magendie:

This experiment—which, we are told, passes even the callousness of Germany to repeat; which every leading champion of vivisection in Great Britain reprobates for medical teaching; which some of them shrink even from seeing themselves, from horror at the tortures necessarily inflicted; which the most ruthless among them *dare not* exhibit to the young men of England—*this experiment has been performed publicly again and again in American medical colleges*, without exciting, so far as we know, even a whisper of protest or the faintest murmur of remonstrance!

According to which the American medical student is not likely to turn out a "hysterical sentimentalist," as the vivisectioners call us. No human agony—unless his own—is going to disturb him very much. For ourselves, personally, we would much prefer falling into the hands of a surgeon who has sought amusement in other fields.



"WHEN WILL WOMEN TAKE AN INTEREST IN POLITICS, PROFESSOR?"
"WHEN IT BECOMES A FAD."



HYGIENE.

I cannot eat but little meat,
By microbes it is spoiled;
And sure I think I cannot drink,
Save water that is boiled;
And I'll endure low temperature,
Since by the doctors told
That to live long and keep us strong
'Tis better to be cold.

So let bacteria scourge and scare,
With ailments manifold,
To do us good we'll eat no food,
And keep our bodies cold.

I love no roast except dry toast,
And that at stated terms;
And little bread I eat, in dread
Of pathogenic germs;
Of milk no whit I take, lest it
Zymotic ills enfold,
And fevers breed; yet most I heed
To keep my body cold.

A keen east wind I never mind,
And fifty Fahrenheit
Is the degree that best suits me,
By day and eke by night;
Thus wise I strive to keep alive,
And haply to grow old,
With beef uncarved, athirst and starved,
And perished with the cold.

So let bacteria scourge and scare,
With ailments manifold,
To do us good we'll eat no food,
And keep our bodies cold.

—St. James's Gazette.

THAT story of a Caribou potato raiser who refused an offer of 48 cents a barrel for eleven barrels of potatoes, declaring that he would have \$5 or nothing for the load, is matched by a yarn that comes from Grand Lake Stream of a man who recently went after a calf that he had pastured out all summer, and asked what he owed for the pasturing.

"Well," said the farmer, "I've got a bill of \$7 against you, but I will take the calf and call it settled, provided you are willing."

"No, sir," was the answer, "I will not do that; but I will tell you what I will do. You keep the calf two weeks longer and you can have her."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

AN evangelist who lives in the mission is so devout that he never permits himself to think a secular thought, and his tongue cannot frame a worldly word. The salvation of souls in peril is his single thought, his sole occupation.

The evangelist has a very bright little daughter, five years of age. The other day she answered the door-bell and found the coal man there with a bill.

"Papa is not home," she informed him, "but if you will come in, you poor, perishing soul, mamma will pray for you."—San Francisco Post.



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HARPER AND BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

The Ship's Company, and Other Sea People. By J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

Tomalyn's Quest. By G. B. Burgin.

Harper's Round Table for 1896. Bound in one volume.

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Richelieu; or, The Conspiracy. By Edward Bulwer (Lord Lytton).

Love's Demesne. 2 vols. By George H. Ellwanger.

COPELAND AND DAY, BOSTON.

Sonnets from the Portuguese. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Gold Stories of '49. By a Californian.

WAY AND WILLIAMS, CHICAGO.

The Lucky Number. By I. K. Friedman.

The Real Issue. By William Allen White.

Palladia. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. London and New York: The Macmillan Company.

Jack. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Laura Ensor. 2 vols. London: J. M. Dent and Company.

The Anglo-American Annual.

"John," said his father to the heir, aged five, "do you want your grandmother to put you to bed?"

"Any old thing will do," replied the little man.

—Minneapolis Journal.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, Agents.

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THE COURT—What is your age, madam?
THE PLAINTIFF—Must I answer?
THE COURT—You must.
THE PLAINTIFF—Why, Judge, I thought people didn't have to testify against themselves.—Green Bag.

MISS SCRAGGS—Yes, once when I was out alone on a dark night I saw a man, and oh, my goodness, how I ran!
"And did you catch him?"—Tit Bits.

OLD GENTLEMAN (year 1919)—In my younger days I was a dramatic critic, and I have called to beg the privilege of renewing my youth by being allowed to write the criticism of one of the performances this evening.

NEWSPAPER EDITOR—I beg your pardon, sir, but times have changed since you were in the newspaper profession. Our critics nowadays only write the advance puffs; the criticisms are written by the managers of the companies.—N. Y. Weekly.

"My dear," expostulated his wife, "why will you eat such a hearty breakfast on Sunday morning? You know you are almost sure to have a nightmare in church."

—Detroit Tribune.

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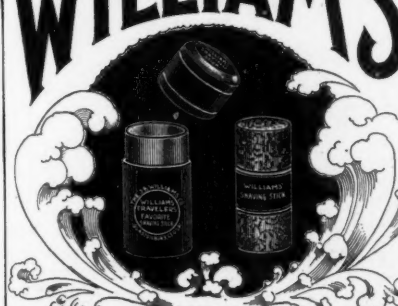
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You needn't be amusing or grotesque:
Per contra, you should never fail to bore.
You needn't care a jot for the nature of the plot—
Coherency may run the booking dry;
But you certainly will fail if your idiotic tale
Doesn't introduce a nigger lullaby.

You must make a naughty reference now and then,
To the funny little things they do in France,
And, if failing to express it with your pen,
You can illustrate your meaning with a dance.
While no matter what your story, you must mouth about the glory
Of the soldier or the sailor far away;
Like a stripling of a Kipling, or like Tommy when he's tipling—
You are bound to write a patriotic lay.

Then you introduce a broker or a Jew;
A soldier must be pitted with a snob;
And the idiotic heroine must woo
In a song that is supposed to make you sob.
If you start Act I. at home, in the second you must roam
To the Continent, to India, or Japan;
And of late the dolly ditty is considered rather pretty,
For it's well to be domestic—when you can.

You needn't be particular with rhymes,
"Mamma" and "far" are jingled by the throng;
While "love" and "move"—how many, many times!—
Are coupled in the sentimental song.
A lavish lot of frocks (that display the wearers' clocks)
Must never, never possibly be missed;
While your prospects will be bright if the risky opening night
Sees your "comedy" most vigorously hissed.

—The Sketch.

BISHOP WILLIAMS, of Marquette, was recently invited to serve his alma mater, Cornell University, as university preacher. He did so, coming straight from the Synod of the Canadian Church at Winnipeg and bringing this story with him: "There was a missionary Bishop there," said Bishop Williams, "who had been six weeks in coming, most of the way by canoe. He rose and began by saying that he would speak for himself and for a brother Bishop who, unfortunately, could not be present. He was sorry to say that his brother's diocese had gone to the dogs! A general gloom followed these words. He went on to say that the Bishop had found so many inquirers after religion among the Esquimaux north of Hudson Bay that he had to build a church. As there was no wood he used whale's ribs for rafters, covering them with tanned walrus hide, and so made a church to hold eighty persons. 'All went merry as a marriage bell' for a time, until—the dogs grew famished and ate the church."

—Troy Times.

MRS. BINGLEY, the occult leader of the Band of Hope circle of the Society of Purple Pence Theosophy, stamped her foot and frowned darkly at the ragged child who had come into the parlor with a pail of surf sand and scrubbing brush.

"Flossie," said the imperious woman, "go back to your work instantly."

"I want to be reincarnated, mamma," pouted the child as great salt tears welled up from her ultramarine optics and dredged channels for themselves down her begrimed cheeks.

"Poor, ignorant, unreasoning creature," said Mrs. Bingley, as a look of ineffable sorrow almost dislocated her new Blavatsky face. "Don't you know that you are Cinderella come back to us from the bygone ages? It is meet that you should scrub. Some day the Prince will come and give you a glass slipper. Now, be good, and by and by when you know your theosophy primer by heart I'll take you to an insane asylum."—New York Herald.

BLYNKINS—A girl who can sing just as soon as she gets up in the morning must have a sweet disposition.

WYNKINS—Not necessarily. She may have a grudge against somebody in the neighborhood.—Baltimore News.

A PERSIAN philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, he answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I am ignorant."—Green Bag.

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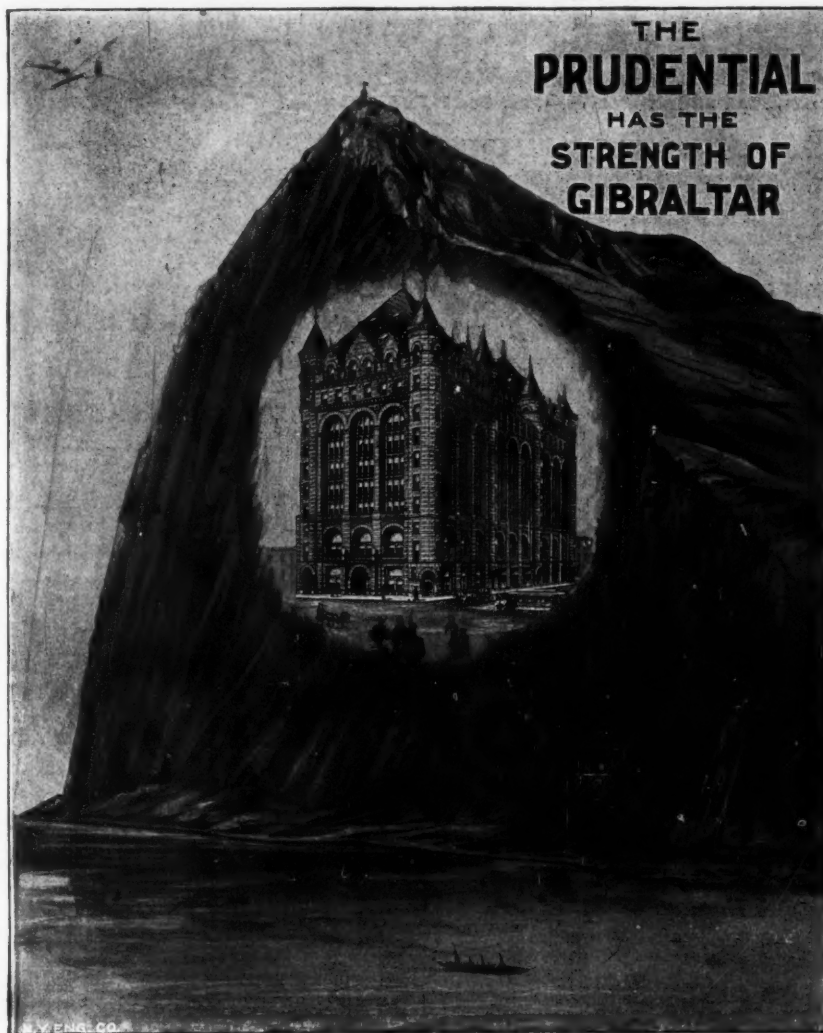
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Those who know LIFE well will have no cause to complain. The old contributors, and many new ones, will be there to cheer the way, gladden the eye, and dwarf the spirit of dull care. But there will also be fresh departures and constant surprises to satisfy the wants of all.

LIFE will contain the best, in whatever line. Its pictures will be made by the first artists, and will not be cheap reproductions of popular photographs. They will depict flesh and blood ideas, and the lover of art, the student of humanity, and even the jaded reader who wishes only to be amused, will all be satisfied.

Its writers will be the best writers, and in its warfare against all that is cruel, and unjust, and wrong, the shafts of its wit will not lose their potency. Every line of LIFE during the coming year will be worth reading.

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